Honey, Blood, and Peaches

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Honey, Blood, and Peaches

by FatherLecter

Summary

Strange and ethereally lovely, young prodigy Will Graham has trouble fitting in at school. Unable to get along with his father or tell his stepmother how he feels he is trapped in his head.

Enter two men. Jack Crawford, and Hannibal Lecter, both vying for a front-row seat at the Will Graham show.

Chapter 1

Will often had no clue what the date was. He knew what day it was when his stepmother fling open his door beckoning down for breakfast. He would haul himself off his bed, groaning as his joints cracked.

This morning was no different. Samantha opening his door and calling to him through the thin veil of sleep. Her voice was soft and motherly in tone.

Will sat up, rubbing his eyes with clenched fists. He blinked the stars away and glanced at her, and like usual he asked, "Dad home?"

"Yeah Buddy, come on down for breakfast." She disappeared from his line of vision and he sighed.

As much as he liked Samantha he hated the way she acted as if he were 7 years old.

He peeled his sweat-soaked t-shirt off, dropping his boxers to the ground. He took a 5-minute shower, scrubbing mercilessly with the intent of scrounging off last night's nightmare.

He dried and dressed stumbling to pull on socks as he exited his room. As expected his dad sat with Sam at the kitchen table, laughing gently with her as he sipped his coffee. Will slid into his seat at the round table and drummed his fingers on his thigh. Two pancakes, four pieces of sausage, peach slices from a can, and a glass of milk.

"Before you were around I ate peanut butter for breakfast," this was his indirect way of saying thank you. Since he found that often he was no good at it.

"Your welcome," she chirped, happy to do it for him. She stood and got another cup of coffee for herself.

He made eye contact with his dad for a split second that resulted in an awkward smiled from both. A shared lack of interest in eyes that kept them from being very close.

"So, umm," Christian Graham often did not know how to speak to his son if it wasn't to reprimand him. "I have to go to New Orleans, for a teacher's conference tomorrow."

Will nodded stuffing his mouth full of pancake. Then without missing a beat he lifted a piece of the peach to his lips.

Christian sighed at his son's lack of table manners, "Just thought I'd let you know. Sammy could you take Will to school today."

She nodded, "Let him finish his breakfast at least, honey."

He nodded and stood to kiss her on the cheek and smoothed put his jacket. And he off to work. He was an AP English teacher. Not where Will went to school of course. Sammy sat

back down to watch him eat.

She knew well enough that he wouldn't finish his plate if she didn't. Another thing that she didn't mind because she very much liked Will. He was strange but sweet if he let you in.

"How are you doing, buddy," She asked when she heard the car pull out of the garage.

"I'm doing," he searched for the words for a few seconds, "okay."

She offered a sympathetic smile, one that he didn't look up to see. "I heard you crying in your sleep last night. You still thinking about it?"

Will looked up through his lashes and focussed on her chin. Her lipstick was a neutral tone that complimented her warm skin. Then on her forehead, her dark bangs split down the middle.
"No."

She didn't push him further, he didn't often respond well to it. "Get your bag then, and we'll head out. I'll put your plate in the sink."

Christian thought the Samantha spoiled his son but she disagreed. As much as she loved her husband she knew that he was unable to provide the same love for his son. The poor boy was so dejected and lonely that she couldn't help but coddle him.

She of course that there were some things that she could not pull from him. The events of his childhood, and the events of the 'incident'. She knew that soon she would have to coerce her husband into looking for a psychologist for him.

Their car ride was silent. Will didn't like the music, it was a little much as he prepped for the constant noise of high school. He built walls every morning. She snuck glances at him. He stared out the window through cloudy green-blue eyes, far away in a place that she would never know about. To her, he was just staring at the passing trees.

Behind his eyes was a busy world of workers. All of them working overtime to keep Will Graham functioning.

Will opened the car door before it had even stopped, throwing a goodbye at her.

■ ■ ■

He went to the orchestra room first. His violin was fixed over the weekend. He removed it from its case, holding it tenderly. He swept the bow over the resin and began.

The instrument quivered and sang put as his fingers danced on the fretts, his bow dipping over the strings. The sound was lovely to him. It was a comfort to have the delicate instrument back. Next to fishing, this was his only escape.

He put everything back in his cubby and headed to AP Chemistry. He sat alone in the back of the class, taking notes in his messy handwriting. He could pass this class easily without

listening but the teacher made him the example. For this, he disliked her immensely. Today he was left alone. He figured that even she was susceptible to the drag of Monday morning.

He got through the rest of the class and stayed for only a second after the bell rang. The rest of the day dragged on and he hardly paid it any attention. He sleepwalked his way through school.

Lunch was loud and as usual, he was left alone. He was never bullied but he was also never included. Even the 'unwanted' kids didn't seem to want him.

He poked at the inedible garbage that they tried to pass off as food. He sipped his Coke and frowned when boys seemed to be walking towards his table. Thankfully they changed directions and went to the table behind his.

The rest of his day was just as uneventful. Something that he did not mind. It was easy it let his brain shut down. At the last bell, he left in a hurry. He would walk home. The day was nice enough to allow such a venture.

He only lived four blocks away and was home in no time. Before they had met Samantha the two of them had lived in an apartment an hour away from where Will went to school. His father had been less than considerate when it came to Will's means of transportation.

He did his homework as soon as he got home and then he practiced. For hours there was nothing but the sound of his violin.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This is fast-paced so strap in.

His father left that night with minimal goodbye to him. Samantha ordered Thai food for the two of them and they watched reruns of M*A*S*H. The next two days passed without much interruption, slow, and easy. Will was left alone at school and at home.

Samantha was extraordinarily busy at work, but she felt really bad about leaving him alone. Will spent his time playing the violin and rereading books.

He put on his glasses and turned on the news. It was just background noise as he read. Though he soon had to turn it off when the name Miriam Lass was said for the third time. A name he had tried desperately to wash from his brain.

He waited in complete silence for an hour. Unable to return to his book he stared at the black screen.

Samantha never knocked but when someone knocked he was up like a shot and rushing to the door.

He opened the door and was met with the very serious face of a man he had met only twice before. Jack Crawford. Will felt his nostrils flare and he almost slammed the door shut.

He stared at his tie, "My dad isn't home."

"May I come in, Will," he asked, placing a hand on the door and pushing gently. Will began to shake his head until Sam's car. She got out a worried look on her face. "Hello, Mrs. Graham. Could we chat?"

Samantha frowned and came quickly up the walk, "Yes, go on inside. Will sweetheart, start a pot of coffee."

Will nodded and opened the door all the way Jack and scurried away to the kitchen. Samantha dropped her purse next to her shoes and led Jack to the living room.

"Is this about the case? Is there any new information?" Sam started immediately, leaning forward and clasping her hands together.

Jack shifted his seat and nodded slightly, "We found her body. It was in a tableau. We think it was for someone."

Samantha lowered her voice, "Will?"

"That's what our profiler thinks. She thinks the killer saw Will when the incident occurred."

"Wouldn't he have killed Will if he thought he saw something?" Samantha tried desperately to quell the fear bubbling in her stomach.

Will stood in the doorway with a tray, "Can I see it?"

Jack looked up at Will. He must have looked strange, eyes wide mouth parted in fear or excitement. Jack didn't pick up on either, and opened his briefcase and handed Will a glassy sheet of paper. A picture of the scene.

"Jael and Sisera, by Artemisia Gentileschi," Will whispered.

"You know the painting," Jack asked, his tone suddenly interrogative.

Will nodded and slipped his fingers over the shoulders of the other women in the tableau. He didn't know her. "I went to an art museum on a school trip. This was the first one I saw." Then he took his phone out of his pocket, "Here, I took a picture."

Jack held the phone lightly, squinting as the picture was a bit blurry from the boy's shaky hands. "The killer knew you would know the painting?"

"Will, did you see any that night?" Samantha asked, her voice wavered. Suddenly aware that her stepson could be the next victim.

Will closed his eyes. "No, no. Only eyes. Dark, dark eyes, almost red. And teeth, sharp canines, like a dog."

Jack and Sam shared a worried look. "Will go sit in the kitchen, please. I need to talk to Agent Crawford for a minute."

Will turned and went back to the kitchen

The adults talked for what seemed like an hour. Will didn't listen though, he closed his eyes and let the pendulum drop.

■ ■ ■

Will didn't return to the living room until he heard Samantha bidding Agent Crawford a goodbye.

She began to pace, counting her breaths as she does so.

"You don't have to go to school tomorrow, I'll stay home. Until I know that you aren't in danger we have to be very careful." She began to chew on her nails, tugging on the end of her ponytail.

She stopped, looking at Will, and sighed heavily. She knew he wasn't good with hugs but she couldn't help throwing her arms around his fragile frame.

"We should call dad," Will muttered softly, patting her back softly.

She agreed and let go to call him. His father was not as upset as she thought he would be but he did say he would be there in the morning.

Will sat at the table watching Samantha absently prepare dinner. She kept making faces, as though she was making a mental inventory.

"I was thinking of getting you a therapist, Will," she announced drying her hands and bringing the food to the table. Boxed mac and cheese.

Will poked his food, "Anyone in mind?"

She chewed thoughtfully, "There is a man that worked with me at the hospital. Hannibal Lecter. He's a psychiatrist now, and a consultant for the FBI."

There was a pause in her words as she took another bite.

"Jack said that he wants to make sure you can open up to someone he trusts."

What Will was not informed of was that whether he wanted to or not he was going to see Dr. Lecter. On-demand of Jack Crawford.

"What did dad say," he asked, chewing on the inside of his cheek.

She tipped her head away to look out of the glass deck door. "He said that it was a good idea."

Will hummed and took his first bite.

■ ■ ■

"William," hot breath splayed out over his neck, "William."

He shivered, his palms and knees stung. It was snowing. Blood dripped down his arms, staining the snow.

A mouth laid heavy on his, clawed hands scraping down his sides, drawing crimson lines on his skin.

The voice is demonic and slightly European. And he knows the voice. He has heard it only once and he has no clue where.

He sat up, sweat sticking his t-shirt to his body. His dick hard in his boxers

He huffs and finishes himself so that he can settle back into sleep.

As soon as he falls back asleep the dream takes hold.

Chapter 3

She was the victim. Miriam Lass, a pretty young woman who had befriended Will. They had met at a summer camp that his father forced him to go to. She worked there and had noticed his lack of participation, and made an effort to help him enjoy his time. He was beginning to like her.

One night he had stumbled lamely to her cabin, hoping to talk about his nightmares.

He thought he was still dreaming when he saw the silhouette of a man shifting in the moonlight. He carried something heavy over his shoulders. He saw Will and he froze. Will had done the same confused and fearful of the man in the darkness.

Through the dark, he saw the glint of teeth, lips curled into a dark smile. Through the darkness, he saw eyes, cold and hungry, and horrific. Will watched as the thing disappeared into the tree line.

It had not spoken or even moved towards Will. He shook it off and went to her cabin. When she wasn't there he laid in her bed and waited for her return.

■ ■ ■

"I would hate to be rude," the man began, artfully cutting a piece of the veal cutlet to bring to his lips, "but why would I take the patient without compensation."

This was less question, more of friendly banter.

Jack laughed heartily, "Why would you pass up the opportunity to pick a mind like this?"

He considered while chewing the food, savoring the flavor. He wished he had more. No matter, he would shop again soon. "You say he has an empathy disorder?"

Jack nodded and took another bite. Hannibal looked like he was making a meal for royalty. Every time Jack was over for dinner his pallet was overwhelmed.

"He's Samantha's son. You remember her."

He knew full well who Will Graham was. He smiled into his glass of wine.

Perhaps he could play this game a bit longer before he agreed. "Maybe you could talk to Dr. Bloom."

"She has her opinions on him," Jack answered gulping down some water, "She met him when we set examined the crime scene at the camp."

Hannibal distinctly remembered that night, in vivid colors. She had awoken and he had had to put her to sleep. The blood and hair let on the wall had alerted the FBI to the crime.

His mistake had allowed him to play his favorite game. Cat and mouse with the FBI. Sending hair and teeth, and blood.

And now serving the head of the behavioral science unit her meat.

"It could be a good experiment, am I to report to you about all of his problems?"

He was not given a reply just a knowing look.

■ ■ ■

Often he visited the art museum. He found comfort in standing before paintings for hours. Memorizing every bit of detail so that when he sat at his desk later he could replicate it. Something that he was quite good at.

One painting, in particular, caught his eye today, or the person sitting before it rather.

Head full of silky hazel curls tipped to the side, porcelain cheek glowing just like the marble statues in the next room. Hannibal took as the seat next to the boy, admiring the elegant slope of his neck. The boy blinked but did not look over. His thick eyelashes fell heavy on his cheeks.

His eyes were the color of a tropical pool, deep and endless as they were. Sharp and observant of the painting.

"Jael and Sisera," Hannibal said. When the boy dared look at him, his eyes stared right through him. Cold and vast, like he didn't see him at all.

He hummed and looked back toward the painting. Hannibal instantly forgave his rude behavior, already enthralled by him.

He looked at it too, smiling, it was a beautiful piece. "Do you like it?"

"Yes," the boy whispered his eyes wide and shiny.

Before he could say anything more a man approached.

"Will Graham, we have to go, the bus driver's only waiting five more minutes."

Will stood, without turning to the man that had just spoken to him and followed his teacher away.

Hannibal decided whether he'd make the boy a part of his menu or not on the drive home.

Months later he was at the park, taking a leisurely stroll when he found his next victim. She was angry and she shoved violently past Hannibal away from a man.

He had seen her before, he knew her name, he had stood behind her in line at the DMV.

From that date, he began to plan his next feast, every dish prepared with finesse in his head. He hadn't found his release for months. Not that the FBI had even come close to his scent.

He had just finished the sounder and wanted to wait.

He stood in his kitchen and read his shopping list. He had wondered who he should pair lean and muscular Miriam Lass with.

Fat gave flavor, so he plucked a business card from his box and flicked its glossy surface.

Chapter 4

His second sounder was on the boy's 18th birthday.

The man he had chosen was quite the Adonis. But he wasn't familiar with the definition of the word NO. So Hannibal cut off his hands and cock. He took the heart and kidneys, but the man's lungs and liver were in detestable conditions.

The tableau wasn't exactly how he wanted, but he wanted it to be a present for him.

Hannibal had put it in the backyard of the Graham house. So that Will would see it out his bedroom window when he awoke.

Jack had come earlier that morning to his home. He had tried to explain what the boy had done when he saw the corpse.

The way he closed his eyes and stood so still. Hannibal wished to see it. Hear it the way Jack had. How would this sweet boy describe his crime?

This little present pushed Samantha to bring Will to Hannibal ahead of schedule. Since there was already a damper on his birthday parade.

"Dr. Lecter, I can't thank you enough for letting us come on such short notice." Samantha clutched her bag, her pretty face drawn into worry.

Hannibal shook his head, "Please call me Hannibal. And it's not a problem at all. Is this William?"

Will hardly stirred when his name was said, he was staring at the carpet.

"Will, honey, this is Dr. Oh, Hannibal," She was anxious. She needed to be at work soon. "Your dad will come to pick you up in an hour."

Will nodded and Samantha said her quick goodbye to the boy.

Hannibal watched her leave, then he stepped aside for him to enter. "Sit where ever you'd like William."

"Just Will, only my Mom calls me William."

Hannibal sat in one of the chairs that sat opposite the other. Will had yet to take his place and was observing his extravagant office. "Samantha?"

"No, Winnifred, my birth mother," there was a pause, "She's dead."

"Would you like to discuss that, Will?" He crossed his legs and Will sat in the other chair.

He sighed heavily, "No, not really." His eyes flicked to Hannibal for a moment, starting at the top of his tie. Then to his chin, mouth, nose, and nothing above.

Hannibal smiled, "Not a fan of eye contact?"

"Makes it too hard to focus. You're thinking, 'Is that a burst vein,' or 'wow those whites are white," this sentiment earned an inaudible chuckle from the doctor.

"Agent Crawford wants me to psychoanalysis you. Tells me all about what you did at the crime scene. Your imagination must be very vivid."

Will grimaced, "Do you have any
Advil?"

Hannibal nodded and went to grab the bottle from his desk. He poured two into the palm of his hand and took a water bottle from his mini-fridge.

He stood perhaps a little closer than necessary as the boy took his pills. Will didn't seem to notice and he quickly returned to the seat before him. "How did you feel at the crime scene?"

Will shook his head and took another sip of water. "It just sort of happened. I saw myself killing him. It was the killer's intention for me to see it. First hand that way I felt it like he did. The killer, not the man."

"It appears that this killer seems to like you very much Will, how does that make you feel?" He leaned forward, making a mental note to move the chairs closer together. He always moved them back when poor sweaty Franklin came in.

He struggled with his words for a moment, licking his dry lips. This action sent a little thrill down the back of the man before him. "People don't often take interest in me if not for the sake of science. It feels almost like the killer likes me in a way. Like he knows me personally."

■ ■ ■

They talked for what seemed like hours. It was almost as if no one had ever listened to all of what Will said. Just enough to know that the boy was not assembled with every necessary part.

He found it fascinating, his overpowering empathy clashing with his hatred for almost everything but dogs, fishing, and his violin.

Hannibal wasn't impressed by Will's father.

Christian Graham had greying blonde hair and the same eyes as Will, but nothing about him was as pleasant or beautiful. Hannibal thought he bore no resemblance other than the eyes.

He thanked Hannibal, checked his watched, and directed his son to the car.

Just like that, he had a new name to add to his Rolodex.

Chapter 5

Christian grunted and fell slack against his chair. Will and Sam sat in the kitchen, Will playing that instrument again.

Christian wished that his father had never gifted the boy that thing. Will had loved it dearly until he could no longer tune it. He had prayed that would be the end, but he saved up every penny of his allowance and bought one.

Shiny and brand new, nothing like the one Pop had given him. A violin that Christian refused to learn as a child. The one that Will had unwrapped with glowing eyes. His little hands had grasped the delicate wooden instrument. It was the first time he had seen his son happy or excited.

His father had lifted Will onto his lap and showed him how to hold it. Will taught himself how to play. Tuning the thing off the old piano in his grandfather's den.

He resented that his father had a better relationship with Will than he ever did. He resented his son more than anything. He thought that he'd be able to understand his son, but they just couldn't connect.

After Will's mother passed he had distanced himself from the boy. He was too similar to her.

■ ■ ■

After their second session, Hannibal, drunk with the scent of peaches planned the last of his tableau.

Peaches, sweet and soft, the smell of the boy's shampoo and conditioner. He had moved the chairs closer this time, their knees a foot apart.

Sadly he had forgotten to move them away before Franklin came. The neurotic man was rather excited when he noticed, hoping that Dr. Lecter was building a bridge. A bridge to friendship. It would be easy to kill him, but that would be too suspicious. Besides the soft man had done nothing rude to Hannibal.

Hannibal did his best to keep professional and impassive, his face unwavering. Though he listened closely his thoughts wandered to Will.

He had laid on the chaise for a while, claiming a severe migraine. Hannibal didn't mind, he was content to commit the boy's resting face to his memory.

He mentioned his mother, though it gave Hannibal very little to work with. "She had brown eyes, a little bit like yours."

He was thankful that Franklin was his last patient that day. He hummed to himself as he took off his coat and glided into his kitchen. He plucked a recipe from the holder, smiling at his

neat letters. Then to the Rolodex, which he spun with care. There was a card he was most eager to burn.

Angela Valentine was deplorable. She was unspeakably rude to waiters at restaurants, she parked in handicapped spaces without a permit. And when she had come to Hannibal for therapy she was drunk. She offered sex as payment and thrown a tantrum when he refused her.

She thought that she was gorgeous and desirable. He knew well that she would not tell anyone what had happened. She was too proud to let that part of herself be displayed. She tried to bargain with Hannibal, though he was unmoving.

"Ms. Valentine, I make no apology for your rudeness, do not cross my path again."

Sadly she had, and she had been just as feral and annoying as he'd hoped.

He packed his plastic suit and slipped out into the night. Already he could smell her fear.

■ ■ ■

He had made a show of the body. Like always. It was his art his design. With chicken wire, he held her to the tree, arms wide. She was in the middle of a field. And an hour away from Baltimore.

The FBI didn't find her for days. Giving Hannibal just the right about of time to return to the scene and draw it. He left it undisturbed, wearing plastic on his feet the way forensics did.

When they did find her Hannibal was beckoned to the scene by Jack, as support for Will. Who they had pulled out of school without his parent's permission.

Sometimes he found Jack to be annoyingly persistent in his pursuit of imagination. Specifically the boy's imagination. He'd never seen anything quite like it and neither had Hannibal, but it couldn't be good for Will.

The poor boy popped Advil like candy.
When he arrived to the scene it was cleared, everyone watching Will from perhaps 30 feet away.

Will's frame wavered like he was sick, and he turned to face the group, nodding at Jack.

"Will," Hannibal greeted, "It appears I'm late, how terribly rude of me."

The boy stumbled forward, and the doctor caught him. "Let's wait for Jack in my car."

He allowed himself to be lead towards the Bentley and he slumped into the leather seat. Hannibal retrieved a bottle of Advil from the glovebox. He brushed Will's curls from his forehead, ignoring the sweat the was now smeared onto his palm. Will was burning up.

"Sleep, dear boy," Hannibal whispered, tipping the seat back and covering him with his long overcoat.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Should have gone slower but I got excited!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stared blankly across the cafeteria. His eyes were unfocused and he was thinking. His brain had yet to put two and two together. Not understanding why Hannibal's voice seemed so familiar. He fiddled with his pencil, chewing his lip. It was his study hall.

He felt a weight on the bench next to him.

"Um hello, are you Will Graham?"

Will glanced over and was met with blue eyes not unlike his own, both of them flicked their gazes away. "Yes." He choked out awkwardly.

The girl with the blue eyes readjusted her scarf, "I'm Abigail, I volunteer in the office, and there's a man here to pick you up. Says he's an FBI agent or something."

Will's mouth formed an 'O' shape. He stood and thanked the girl.

"You're in my Health class, right, do you wanna study for the quarter test with me?"

Will stopped gathering his things, looking at her. She was pretty, with dark hair and pale skin, like a girl next door. Very mall of America. He noted that they bore a striking resemblance to each other.

"Sure," he tore a corner off his notebook paper and jotted down his phone number, "Call me whenever Abigail."

Jack was in the office, and after flashing his badge they let him take Will.

The car ride was boring. Jack Crawford liked the saxophone, it was the only thing he played as they drove. The scene was filled when he got there.

"What do you need Will," Jack asked, holding the boy's elbow for a moment, "You do what you do?"

"It just sorts of happens, easier when I'm alone."

Jack stepped away, clapping his large hands together, "Clear the scene, now!"

The team scattered about and went rushing away from the tree. A young Asian woman gave Will a sympathetic look, and Will looked at his shoes. He'd spilled coffee on the beat of sneakers. He didn't want to ask for new ones.

"Take your time," Jack said, though he wanted it to happen sooner than later. Will nodded.

He wandered closer, after taking the gloves and booties that another woman had given him.

He closed his eyes, breathing softly, face scrunching at the stench of her.

Then folding his palms together and bracing himself, he let the pendulum drop.

■ ■ ■

When his mind finally released him from the depth of his recreation he almost sobbed. It wasn't that he was sad, no, this was for him, and it was beautiful. He swayed back and forth and turned to Jack. He stumbled towards the party.

Hannibal was before him in an instant. He spoke but Will didn't hear him. He felt the doctor's large warm hands on him, helping him towards the shiny black car.

He was offered pills which he took gratefully. He'd been unable to hold them in his shaking hands so the doctor had placed them onto his tongue with care.

Then he felt his head, cooing at him, and fussing over him. He tipped back the seat, ushering him into a jaded sleep.

When he roused again he was on a large bed, under thick covers. He took little note of the expensive decor. Instead he stood, happy to find that he was clothed except for his shoes and autumn jacket. He wandered into the hallway, finding it on par with the bedroom. Hannibal was ascending the steps at that moment, catching Will in his oppressive gaze.

"Come, " he whispered, Will looked like a little fawn, "I made soup."

Suddenly the voice registered. The tick and calculated drawl, venom tipped niceties.

Will slid towards him. "I liked my presents, Hannibal."

The man froze, nostrils flaring, jaw ticking. "What are you talking about, Dear Boy?"

For the first time, Will made eye contact. Crimson eyes, bubbling like hot lava, watching him with such intensity he shuddered.

"They were beautiful. I loved them thank you very much." Hannibal could have purred like a cat with the way his sweet thing stroked his ego.

"Would you like more gifts, sweet boy," Hannibal asked as Will grew nearer to him. He nodded, a was suddenly swept into Hannibal's arms.

Hannibal nuzzled his face into the boy's beck inhaling deeply, "Who?"

Will threw his arms around Hannibal's shoulders tipping his head to the side for the man. "Anyone, please not yet. My head can't take anything more."

Hannibal smiled, "Of course, meilas mažas berniukas*," he smoothed his hand over his hair, feeling how the hair was even softer than it looked. "Shall we eat?"

Will hummed, he had grasped that Hannibal was his monster, but he had grasped little else. Hannibal didn't mind. He beckoned for the boy to follow and he did so, eager at his heels.

He placed a bowl before him and watched as he blew on the spoon gently before bringing it to his mouth. He moaned as the warm broth soothed down his throat.

"It's Angela," Hannibal said softly after a moment. He prayed that the boy would not be put off. He wasn't he bent his head and took another but while staring into Hannibals eyes.

Hannibal had not expected the boy to realize this early, nor did he think he would get such a pleasant reaction.

He wanted to spoil the boy, he had since the second he saw him sitting in the museum.

He was admittedly out of it now, as he drained every last drop of the soup but Hannibal could help but rejoice in him.

"You are acting strange," Hannibal whispered.

Will frowned, "I am being myself, isn't that what you wanted?"

Chapter End Notes

*Translation to the best of my ability is 'sweet little boy'

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

A game of hide and seek.

Samantha came to retrieve the boy, thanking Dr. Lecter for taking him away from the scene. She had a sharp tongue with Jack, telling him to stay away from William.

Hannibal was elated to know that he had more access to the boy than Jack did.

As he lay in bed that night he could imagine his sweet William next to him. Pale body stretched out against him, writhing in pleasure at his touch. He could imagine his fingers wrapped around his slender throat. Pulling gasps from him.

He fell asleep and dreamt of him. How sweet it would be, just the two of them. He would do whatever he asked. His perfect Eros. His sin.

He prepared his breakfast on light feet and thought about the gifts he would shower the boy with.

He glided through his appointments, the shadow of a smile on his lips. Franklin cried his way through the session as usual. He begged for friendship, but Hannibal gave him nothing more than a tip of the head.

Later with Bedelia, he described the boy. She could see the insurmountable hunger in his eyes and knew. Knew that nothing could truly stop him as he'd already decided that the boy was his.

Logic be damned, Will Graham was his little fawn. And Hannibal was a starving wolf, licking his chops as he drooled. Bedelia shuddered, finding pity for any creature that Hannibal desired with that intensity.

The flame in his eyes made her uneasy. She knew how easy he could slip out of his person suit. Revealing the twisted monster beneath. She pitied Will Graham and feared for his wellbeing.

She would not tell Hannibal this, restricted by the secret between them.

They finished their session with a glass of wine. Hannibal completely rinsed of his previous face. Polite and put together, a smile without teeth for her. He took the glass and lowered his head.

She was cautious, she didn't underestimate him, she knew better.

He left, thanking her again, bidding her goodbye, striding off to the Bentley. She fell against the wall after closing her door. Even with all of the doors and windows locked, she could not truly ensure her safety.

Not from Hannibal.

■ ■ ■

Will slept easy that night, without a single nightmare, his dinner still warm in his belly.

Christian had left again, finding an excuse to get away from his wife and his son.

When he woke up that morning he allowed himself to be fussed over. Samantha apologized and smoothed his hair back. She was more suited towards younger children but Will didn't mind.

"Could I go to Dr. Lecter's after school?" He asked finally, after eating his breakfast and clearing the table. Samantha made a thoughtful face, then she nodded.

"It's a good idea, would you like me to call him?"

Will turned off the faucet, "Could you, I never got his number."

She agreed and went to the other room to make the call. She came back moments later, "He doesn't seem to be picking up. I'm sure that he won't mind, I can drop you off if you'd like."

"I can take the bus to Federal Hill." She handed him a sticky note with the number on it. He folded it gently, stuffing it into the front pocket of his jeans.

He could hardly wait to surprise Hannibal. He almost skipped, he was delighted. He would tell no one. This monster was his. The thrill of it coursed through him, strong enough to knock him off his feet.

He buzzed through his morning classes and made it to lunch. He had packed a lunch today. Cheese ravioli, and a moon pie. He knew that Hannibal would surely disapprove. He would scold the boy for his poor nutritional choices and then berate the taste of the food. He wondered happily if Hannibal would cook him something when he went to his home.

Abigail approached him again, sitting before him this time, drawing his attention away from his book. "For English?"

She pointed at the copy of Pride and Prejudice he was reading. "Yeah, I like Mr. Darcy, though he's a little rude.'

"Did you wanna maybe come sit with my friends and I?" She asked, shyly, looking at her nails as she spoke. They were painted a pretty eggshell blue.

Will chewed on his cheek, "Oh, I'm not. I kind of prefer to sit by myself. Sorry."

"It's just that you always look kind of lonely over here," she commented before she could help herself. He was sort of beginning to like her.

"Maybe next week," he offered, poking at a ravioli in his thermos.

She bit her lip and nodded, "See ya, Will, I'll call you tonight?"

He looked up for a second, "Sure."

The rest of the day blurred together. He took his violin case, and he walked to the bus stop.

He smiled at his hands all the way there. He walked up the hill from the bus stop to Hannibal's house.

Just as he arrived the Bentley was being pulled into the drive.

"Dr. Lecter!" He called out speeding up to meet the man. "Hello, Sam couldn't get ahold of you but figured you wouldn't mind if I showed up unannounced."

Hannibal smiled softly, reaching out to catch the side of the boy's zip-up hoodie and pull him closer. The motion looked inconspicuous. "Will, I don't mind at all if it's you. But it is rather rude."

Will's breath hitched, gripping harder to his violin case.

"Whatever shall I do about your rudeness my little lamb?"

Will followed him into the house, reaching towards him as soon as the door closed. Hannibal took the case and set it down tenderly at the front entrance.

The man towered over him, Will gasping when he was pinned against the wall. "Let's play a game."

"A game?"

"Hide and seek. No upstairs, no basement. When I find you, I punish you for your rudeness."

Will's smirk was challenging, "And if you can't find me?"

Hannibal traced his lips with a thumb, one which Will snapped his teeth gently at. "I doubt that my dear."

"Count to ten?"

Hannibal purred at his willingness. "One."

He closed his eyes.

"Two."

Will's warmth slipped away from him. He heard him slip off his shoes.

"Three."

He heard nothing as the boy slipped across the hardwood floor in socks.

"Four."

The doorway creaked as he swung himself around it, searching for a place to hide.

"Five."

Wills breath was uneven as he dropped to open a cabinet.

"Six."

He found it to be empty.

"Seven."

He crouched further and fit his slender body into it.

"Eight."

He pulled the door closed with a minimal 'thunk'.

"Nine."

He shifted to get more comfortable.

"Ten."

He heard nothing after that.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Spanking

Hannibal could smell his arousal, the heat of his body making the scent of his body wash and shampoo even more appetizing.

He took a moment, breathing in and out to his heart's content. Then he shifted, raising just slightly on his toes. He managed an unnerving quiet, gliding tenderly over his floor. He was surprised at how light sweet Will's footsteps had been. Had he adopted the gentile position to appease his father?

He growled low in his throat, the air around him clicking with static heat. He moved about the dining room, dipping to check under the table.

"Little fawn," he cooed, smelling the air, leading him to the kitchen. He walked around the island, making his steps heavy as he approached. He pressed his knee to the cabinet but felt no warmth through the door.

He was taken aback. He dropped and yanked open the door, only to find pots and pans neatly stacked as he had left them.

He had been tricked. That fact only made the press of his dress pants even more unbearable. He took his time again, pressing down carefully to make his presence in the study known.

All his trained ear needed was a spike in the boy's breath, his nose taking in the immediately overwhelming scent. "Got you."

His eyes zeroed in on the cupboard that Will had stuffed himself into. A tight squeeze. His dear boy must be quite flexible.

He kneeled and gripped the handle, pulling gently, the latch clicking open.

Will stared up at him, head pressed between his knees lips parted in a silent moan.

"Come to me." He was easy, calm, the beast though struggled for control, snapping his teeth. He was ready to take the boy. On the desk, on the wall, on the leather chairs. Something wholly primal demanded it. Hannibal could control those desires, to a point before it was too much. He wanted the boy to consent.

The beast didn't care, he only wanted to lay claim to what he had designated as his.

Will struggled for a bit, tumbling less than gracefully out onto the rug. He looked up at Hannibal, eyes wide, tongue caught between his teeth should he think to talk back. Hannibal loved the power he held at this moment, Will on his hands and knee before him.

The boy crawled forward slightly, standing on his knees to press his cheek against Hannibal's crotch. He was unendingly thankful that the doctor valued his privacy. The large windows had curtains drawn over them.

Hannibal hauled him roughly to his feet, his grip certain to bruise. He caught Will's jaw in one hand, pressing his lips hard against his. He didn't care that the boy had to go on his tiptoes, he pulled and pushed, seeking complete control.

Teeth and tongues clashed, Will relinquishing all dominance instantly. There was no gentleness in the kiss, only hunger, only animalistic savagery.

Will gasped as hands lifted his shirt to grip his hips, thumbs press hard on the sharp hip bones they found there. Hannibal spun them, lifting the boy onto the desk, sending papers fluttering. He slammed the boy down, holding the kiss still, breaking only seconds for air.

Will clutched his shoulders, short nails finding no purchase in the expensive material. Hannibal could take him, and there would be nothing Will could do to stop him. He moaned and bucked his hips against Hannibal's.

At the rate they were going both would soil their pants.

Hannibal broke away, panting, eyes glued to him.

"I thought you were supposed to punish me, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal looked on fondly, "Oh sweet boy, of course, I'm going to. Come, sit on my lap."

He sat on the chaise, Will did as he was told.

"Now, if you chose to take them bare-bottomed, only ten, but twenty if clothed. I will not make you count. That can wait till much later."

"Are you going spank me every time I'm naughty?"

Hannibal laughed, "No silly boy, not if you enjoy it too much. So tell me, " he slipped a few fingers under the waist of the jeans, "Shall we take these off, or leave them on."

He placed a small kiss on the boy's jaw.

"Off."

Will said this, with the hope that it would lead to more risky activities. Hannibal showed his teeth in this smile and popped open the button. He didn't need a belt. These were his best jeans and they fit him rather snugly.

"I do have to admit, you look nice in these," the hand on his back slipping down further. He kissed Will again. Then he helped the boy slip the jeans and boxers off his slim hips. Hannibal sighed, "Perfect."

Will's cock was fully erect, and he had to pull off his t-shirt so that he wouldn't stain it. Hannibal helped him lay across his lap, his manhood pressed helplessly against the doctor's thigh. The cloth of his pants gave Will little friction.

He had washed and shaved and prepped, taking extra time in the shower that morning. He hoped that Hannibal appreciated this as his large hand smoothed over his bottom.

Hannibal gave him no warning, bringing his hand down, cracking against his left cheek. Will yelped, his hips thrusting forward to get away from the hand that strikes him. That only caused a moan to spill past his lips.

Three more and Will was almost sobbing, begging Hannibal to continue or stop. He couldn't tell himself what he was trying to say.

Then somewhere in the house, a phone began to ring. Hannibal was able to ignore it for the first time. When it began again he helped the boy up.

"Lay on your belly," he instructed, "Don't hurt yourself."

Will lay there on the chaise, holding his cock in his hand so that he would ruin the furniture.

Hannibal returned, a sour look on his face.

"We must finish quickly," he rumbled, "then I have to go meet Jack. He's asking many questions about you."

Will allowed himself to be laid across Hannibal's lap once again. The next few hits had anger in them. Had it not been for the man's soothing tone and gentle stroking, he would feel that the anger was directed at him. He never wanted Hannibal to be truly upset with him. That was something that he couldn't bear.

"Ten," Hannibal purred, "What a good boy you are."

Chapter 9

Hannibal carried Will up to his bed, stroking and praising him all the way. "Be a good boy while I'm gone. I will be back before you know it."

Will was sleepy now, "May I play for you when you return?"

"Yes sweet boy, that would be lovely," he lay Will out on the silk sheets, the boy didn't complain, gripping Hannibal by the tie.

Will giggled, pointing, "I got cum on your fancy pants."

Hannibal didn't mind, having had much more offensive substances on his fancy clothes. He'd killed for less but Will was in his good favor.

"Turn away, unless you would like to see your psychiatrist in an unseemly position" Hannibal jabbed, skilled hands working down the buttons of his vest.

"I would very much like that, sir," the honorific sent a little jolt of please down his spine.

Hannibal dropped his pants, folding all his clothes and setting them aside to be dry clean. Will sighed happily staring at the much older man. Tan, lightly muscled, brushed with soft dark hair. A little bit of padding at his belly, showing that his appetite was very well suited, but not overly so.

Long muscular legs, like a swimmer or a gymnast. Will didn't think it was possible but blood was rushing south once more.

Finally off came the tight overpriced boxers. Sharp hipbones curving to well-trimmed hair. He was half-hard, and he didn't touch himself as he picked another set of clothes. Will was impressed, lifting the sheets to glance at his own, feeling a bit disdained.

"Wanna compare," he asked, holding his own dick and sitting up as best as he could. Hannibal snorted but crossed the room either way.

He stroked himself to fullness and waited for Will to do the same. Then he helped the boy up, taking them both in one large hand. Will was half the size of Hannibal, sporting maybe 10 cm. Will frowned harder, reaching down to gently flick the head of Hannibal's cock. This earned a pleasant shiver and a squeeze.

"Call Jack, tell him you're busy." Will pleaded, kissing Hannibal. "Please."

Hannibal huffed, rubbing his thumb over the heads of both, "You know how he is Darling. And we can't have him come looking for me and finding you like this."

Will thought for a moment, wrapping his leg around the back of Hannibal's, "Can you do away with Jack?"

Hannibal moaned as the boy dipped his head and nipped at his left nipple. "That would be too suspicious my love."

Will whined but was effectively silenced by the older man's mouth. "I have to go, Darling."

He clothed himself under Will's annoyed gaze. He didn't want him to leave.

"Don't expect me to be here when you get back." He pouted, waiting for Hannibal to react.

Hannibal responded with a restrained laugh, "Is that a threat? I don't take well to threats."

He closed the space between them, catching his pale neck in one large hand. Will leaned his head back, giving him better access. His fingers curled into the starched shirt, a placid smile on his pink lips.

Hannibal kept giving him exactly what he wanted, not choking him, but holding him tight enough to cut off a little circulation.

"Stay put darling, and you might get a reward," He smothered the boy with one last kiss, tucking him back into the bed.

■ ■ ■

Jack wasn't exactly happy that they were meeting in a restaurant.

"My apologies, I had a session with my own therapist," Hannibal swirled around his white wine. This was one of the few restaurants up to par with his exotic and well-trained palette.

He savored his mouthful of salmon, marking the flavors down, hoping to make it for Will soon.

Jack nodded, "Not a problem."

Jack went off on a tangent, asking questions about hid Will. He was upset about the fact that Samantha had been so angry about his actions.

Hannibal almost wanted to make Jack into one of Will's presents.

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